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Providence.

AH! what will become of the lily,
When the summer time is dead?
Must she lay her spotless robes away,
And hide in the dust her head?

My child, the hand that bows her head
Can lift it up anew;
And weave another shining robe
Of sunshine and of dew.

But, father, what will the sparrows do?
Though they chirp so blithe and bold,
When the shelter of the leaves is gone
They must perish with the cold.

The sparrows are little things, my child,
And the cold is hard to bear;
Yet never one of these shall fall
Without our Father's care.

But how will the tender lambs be clothed?
Do you know the Shepherd said,
He must take all their fleeces away,
For us to wear instead.

They are warm enough to-day, my child,
And so soon their fleeces grow,
They each will have another one
Before they feel the snow.

I know that you will keep me father;
That I shall be clothed and fed;
But suppose that I were lost from home,
Or, suppose that you were dead!

My child, there is One who seeks you,
No matter where you roam:
And you may not stray so far away,
That he cannot bring you home.

For you have a better Father,
In a better home above;
And the very hair of your precious head
Are numbered by His love.

Phœbe Cary.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN John separated from Alf he walked away by himself and sat down by the roadside to think.

It was no trifling work that he had undertaken. The home that he was leaving, was one of the best that ever a boy was sheltered in. It had not as many luxuries as some homes, for Mr. Jenks was not a rich man; but it had the things necessary for comfort in it, and, more than any outer furnishing, it had warm, loving hearts, the unselfish devotion of a mother, the fond, encouraging interest of a father, and the generous love of two sisters, who knew no greater earthly pleasure than seeing their brother prosperous and happy.

Upon all these John was turning his back, when he resolved to go away and seek his fortune. Could he live, without the tender affection for which every human heart yearns? He had heard much of the selfish coldness of the outer world. Should he be chilled and dwarfed by it, when he tried its icy currents? There were accidents that came to unsheltered lives, to which his happy home life had never been subject. Would it be his fate to fall upon them? There were wicked men ready to tempt the young and lead them astray. Would it be his lot to fall in with such, and be lead to dreadful deeds by them? There were hardships by hun-

ger, and storm, and shipwreck: he had read of these in books, and dreamed of them many a night as he had lain on his quiet bed at home. Were they ever to come out of that dream world, and become a part of his real life?

All these questions, and many more involved in them, John asked himself as he sat by the roadside that summer night. He could hear far away the sound of the river, that had lulled him to sleep so many happy nights. He could hear, too, the slow, droning sound of the mill, where he knew his father was at work, and the heavy bell in the church tower striking the hours as it had so often done, when its call was command to him. Now he listened to all these sounds as one in a dream. They were familiar, and yet not familiar, for now he heard them as one who had parted from them, and had no farther right to claim them as a part of his life's leadings.

The thought saddened him, but he strove to shake off the oppression of the sadness. Visions came to him of a future that should connect him with all these sounds again, but then he hoped to be as a master and no longer as a servant. He said to himself:

"When I am rich and come back here again, I will own a splendid house on the river's bank. The mill, too, shall be mine, and father living with me in luxury shall work there no longer. How happy we shall be when the church bell telling the hours of our lives, counts them for pleasure only, and not for labor. I hardly can wait for this fortune to come, I long so to make my friends happy with the fruits of it. But then there must be a time of waiting, a time of anxiety and pain must come before this pleasure. How troubled poor mother will be about me! I am afraid this separation will almost break her heart. I ought not to have gone from home without telling her where I was going. I am almost ready to decide *not* to go now, when I think of her."

Just as John had reached this point of wavering, he heard footsteps approaching, and a voice in the darkness called:

"John, are you here?"

He knew the voice to be Alf's, and the first impulse was, not to answer him—to keep silence until he was out of hearing, and then run away home, and let the whole plan for China and the fortune go. But when the voice called again "John! John!" he felt compelled to answer it. Springing to his feet, he said:

"Yes, Alf, I am here, what can you want? Surely it is not midnight yet?"

"Yes, it is past midnight. I have been waiting for you some minutes. Why did you not answer me when I called."

"I have but just heard you."

"Well, come on. We have no time to lose."

"Then you really hold to your determination to go?"

"Hold to my determination? Certainly I do. Why should I swerve from it?"

"I don't know any reason," John replied, speaking very slowly, and in a tone which said as plainly as words could have done, that he was much more inclined to stay than go.

"Come right along," said Alf cheerfully, "The worst will soon be over. When we are once on the road, away from sight and sound of home, you will be free of this hesitancy.'

John said no more. He was ashamed to let his companion see how faint-hearted he felt, so gathering up all his courage, he walked on without making any farther objection. There was a long interval of silence which John himself broke at last.

"How far are we going to-night, Alf?"

"We ought to get as far as Milton if we can."

"But that is a long way to walk between midnight and morning."

"Yes, I believe they call it twenty miles to Milton."

"Do you think we can safely walk twenty miles, without stopping?"

"I should think so. Father walked fifty miles once, in one day, and I am sure we ought to be as vigorous as our fathers."

"I don't believe that he walked fifty miles the first day that he set out on a journey. We may be able to make fifty miles a day before a week is over, but I don't think we can do that on a first day's walk."

"Before a week is over! You surely are not thinking that we can take a week to get to New York in?"

"I thought you said it was a hundred and fifty miles. Surely you don't expect to walk a hundred and fifty miles, in much less than a week?"

"I do indeed, John, and we must do it too. We have no choice in the matter."

"Why have we no choice? We are our own masters now, and can take life pretty much as we like, can't we?"

"No, John, we are not wholly our own masters."

"Who has authority over us? I am sure I didn't know that we were to work under rule any longer. I thought that was one of the things to be gained by going; that we were to be free to do as we liked."

"You never made a greater mistake than that. Freedom will come in time, but it is not first fruits in an enterprise like this. Necessity is a hard master, and to it we are just now bound. When we are rich, we can do as we like, but in the process of getting rich, we shall be obliged to do as circumstance compels us."

"I see, Alf, what you mean The question of time with us, is also a question of money. But I have got some money in my pocket."

"How much?"

"I do not know exactly. But I have been saving my few spare pennies, ever since we first made our plan, and I think there must be four or five dollars by this time."

"Four or five dollars will not go a great way when we have everything to buy."

"But you have some money, haven't you?"

"Yes, a very little, not more than three or four dollars."

"Well, surely we can get along with that, until we get to New York."

"But the getting to New York is not all of it, John."

"It seems to me that it is nearly all of the expense. As soon as we are on shipboard, we shall be all right."

"Yes, but you must bear in mind that we are not on ship-board as soon as we touch New York. We may have some days of expense there, before we find a ship going to China, by which we can get away."

"That's true. But we will hope for the best."

"Yes, we will. But it is also wise while we are hoping for the best, to be prepared for the worst."

"How long then do you expect to be in getting to New York?"

"We ought to get there by Friday morning."

"What, walk a hundred and fifty miles in three days?"

"It will not be walking it in three days. We leave home Monday night."

"I do not call it Monday night at midnight."

"Well, then, count it Tuesday morning that we leave home. We shall have till Thursday twelve o'clock midnight, to make our three days; and then there will be six hours left, before daylight of Friday, the time that I have set in which to reach New York."

"I doubt our being able to do it. But we shall see."

Thus the boys chatted on as they walked, and as they chatted the night sped away. When the first faint streaks of daylight came in the east, they had accomplished the twenty miles, and were within sight of the village of Milton.

For the Myrtle.

The Bird's Funeral.

"OH, you naughty, naughty cat!" screamed Lucy, "drop that bird this minute!"

But the naughty cat was not inclined to. In fact she cantered right on through the house, holding all the tighter to the fluttering bird, and would have escaped, had not Herbert caught her at the front door and choked her until she was forced to drop it. Then he boxed her soundly and threw her as far as he could fling her; and Lucy, who had never been known to treat her with anything but petting and kisses before, said, "I'm glad of it! I wish you'd struck her harder, — the ugly old thing!"

"I guess she won't want to catch another bird," said Herbert. But that did not help this bird, that lay quite still on the floor until Lucy took it up tenderly and smoothed its soft feathers with her hand.

It was a beautiful robin, and quite dead. Lucy almost cried as she saw that its little head drooped lifeless, and knew that her petted cat had crushed out its joyous little life.

They looked at it a long time, admiring its beautiful form and soft wings, and Herbert wished he knew how to stuff and preserve it always as pretty as then. Lucy said "Let's keep it to show to Bertha this afternoon." Herbert agreed, and they laid it away on a shelf of the playhouse, shutting the door carefully so the cat should not find it.

That afternoon their cousin Bertha came, and they took her at once to the playhouse to see the dead bird. She was a little older than Lucy, and an original child, full of fancies, and famous for getting up "good times." But she took a very serious view of the death of the poor little

bird. "Sweet little thing," said she, "somebody's mourning for him now, I presume. You know how the robins covered the 'B bes in the Woods' with leaves; and I think we ought to bury this one and have a little funeral over him, and then it won't seem so dreadful that your cat killed him."

"I wonder," said Lucy, "if it's one of the robins that had the nest in the cherry-tree; for if it is I would like to bury him right under the tree where he used to sing. I think he would like it."

"Well, you can bury him there, anyway," said Bertha, "and then we shall be on the safe side. Herbert shall be the sexton to dig his grave and Lucy and I will make the funeral."

"Oh," said Lucy, "it will be just like 'Who killed Cock Robin?

"Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the owl,
With my spade and shovel;'—

Do go, Herbert, and dig it real deep and nice, right under the cherry tree."

Herbert went after his shovel. The girls got a pretty bronze-covered box, put in a lining of white cotton and laid the birdie in, with his head on a roll of cotton for a pillow. Then after the grave was prepared, they played Herbert was the minister, and he headed the procession, while Bertha and Lucy followed, bearing the box between them. They took off the cover and looked at it in great soberness and silence.

"Now, Herbert, you must make a preach," said Lucy.

"I don't know what to say at a bird's funeral," said Herbert.

"I'll tell you," said Bertha. "Say those verses about the fowls of the air,—in the Saviour's sermon, you know."

So Herbert repeated:

"Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

"Are not two sparrows"—prompted Bertha.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

This is the sermon Herbert preached over the robin; and we think it was more beautiful than he knew.

Then they shut the little box and lowered it into the grave under the cherry tree and covered it up. They made a little mound over it, and Herbert and Lucy dug up a pansy-root in the flower garden and planted it on the grave. Bertha went over to a new house where carpenters were at work, and begged a white shingle; and on it she wrote with a lead-pencil, after drawing what she explained to be an empty nest on the top,—

ROBIN REDBREAST.
Killed by Tommy
and buried by
H., L. & B.

This they put up at the head of the mound and all was complete. Only Lucy asked, when Herber was out of hearing, "Do you suppose birds go to heaven?"

"I don't know," said Bertha, "I should think there must be birds if there are flowers, shouldn't you?"

The question was too much for them. They could only dream a child's dreams with a child's tender heart, while they left the robin under the cherry tree where other robins sang above him.

H. A. B.

Do nothing to-day that thou wilt repent of to-morrow.

The House that was "Trowed Away."

For the Myrtle.

MARY was a sturdy little thing about three years of age, when this happened of which I am going to tell you. She had always lived in the country in a little brown cottage near the woods. The only neighbors were her grandparents, who had lived in their big old fashioned house for fifty years, and one other family who had bought the adjoining farm before Mary was born, so she knew nothing of the moving from one house to another, which city children do so often.

One lovely morning in June, Mary's mother put a clean apron on the little girl, tied her linen

hat under her chin, and a little cape over her shoulders, and told her to run out into the yard to play, for mamma was very busy, and Mary was in her way.

Mary took her little cart and started off, for she seldom went out to play without that cart and dolly in it. A queer turnout it was, a two wheeled cart with a pony in front, also on wheels, and a high carriage-top made out of Mary's brother's drum, in whose broken top the doll was seated in great state. This was Mary's pride, and her company wherever she went.

"I mussent do near de well," said Mary "tuz I will tumber in, nor to de rocks, tuz dares tnakes dare; dess I will walk sits miles and see what's dare." So she trotted down the road, the sun blinding her eyes, the sand puffing up around her little ragged shoes and the doll trundling behind. Here was a pretty flower which she picked; there was a bird hopping along in the road, and she stood still until he flew away. She came to a tiny brook which laughed along in the sunlight a little way, then hid under the tall grass which grew on its banks; now she could only follow by its murmur, then it suddenly peeped at her with a merry ripple, and at last crossed the road and ran away out of sight in a field.

"Why, dares a house!" exclaimed Mary all at once, for she had been watching the brook so intently that the house was unseen until she was close to it.

"Perhaps my Aunt Lizy lives here, dess I'll tall on her," she continued after a little pause.

It was a low, red house, banked up with earth as many country honses are, to keep the cellar from freezing during the bitter cold winter. The banking is done in the Fall, and the earth is taken away in the Spring. A few old boards lay near, and a rosebush tried to blossom by the door.

Mary left the team by the roadside, walked up and gave a timid rap. There was no response. She rapped again louder; no one came. She took a stone and pounded, crying "Aunt Lizy, Aunt Lizy, it's me." But Aunt Eliza was not there. She then climbed upon the banking and peeped in at the windöw. The house was empty; not a chair, not a table, not a carpet to be seen, nothing but the bare walls and the sun streaming on the floor.

"Why-e-e-e!" exclaimed Mary in utter amazement. "Tomebody has trowed away dis house. I'll do wight state an tell my mamma, an perhaps she'll div it to me," and turning to do so, she slipped on the earth, and, throwing up her hand to save herself from a fall, she struck the window such a blow with the stone she still held, that it cracked the glass. This was something new, and she was so pleased that she struck it again with all her might, and the stone went right through, and fell on the floor of the room. Mary was delighted and she quickly climbed down, ran to the road, and collected an apronfull of stones which she threw one by one at the window with all her strength. Some of them did not hit at all, some cracked the glass, and some went smashing through. This was fine sport for the little girl, and she jumped, clapped her hands, and shouted at the top of her voice. Another apronful of stones finished all the glass she could reach in that window, so she went to another, and another, working industriously a long time.

Meanwhile Mary's mother had finished her work, changed her dress, and was now ready to dress Mary for dinner, but no Mary was to be seen. "She is not in the yard, nor down by the rocks, she must have gone to see Grandma." So the lady ran down to the big house.

"No," said Grandma, "she is not here. About two hours ago I saw her coming this way, with her cart and doll, but as she did not come in, I supposed she had gone back. I will run down the road a few steps to see if she is that way, while you go home and look in the barn, under the bed, and down the well."

It took Grandma but a few minutes to go the distance which had seemed so long to Mary, and she reached the red house just as Mary was finishing her last window.

"O Dramma, aint iss nice!" exclaimed the little girl putting an extra large stone directly through the middle of the last pane.

But "Dramma" did not appear to regard the matter in exactly the same way, for she thought of the money to be paid for the broken glass; so she boxed Mary's ears and took her home to the poor mamma, who, in her fright was looking in the bureau drawers for the child.

Mary is old enough now to know that people do not always "trow away" their houses when they move out of them. *Eva.*

True courage is that which is not afraid of being thought afraid; the rest is counterfeit.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

The State Sunday School Convention of Maine, will be held at Gardiner, on the 3d of October. We hope friends of the cause in that State will join to make it a good meeting.

The Sunday School at Brunswick had its annual excursion September 1st.

NEW YORK.

The First Universalist Mission School of New York had a Play Day and Picnic at Central Park, Wednesday, September 6, 1871. The children were in the Park all day from eight o'clock to six. The order of proceedings was as follows: 1. Ride around the Park; 2. Visit to Museum; 3. Ride "en Carrousel"; 4. Game at Boys' Playground; 5. Dinner in Children's Summer-house; 6. Tour of Lake; 7. Ride in Goat's Carriages; 8. Games at Girls' Playground. Full programmes of the singing were printed by the Superintendent and distributed to all who attended. The day was pleasant and every body had a good time.

OHIO.

A Good Example.—A friend from this State in remitting for the MYRTLE gives directions for an extra copy to be sent to a young friend, and adds of their own copy, "As our children are getting pretty well grown up, the paper is rather juvenile for them, yet they will be glad to give it away to other children."

WISCONSIN.

Bro. M. G, Todd has just commenced labors in Prairie du Sac, and the Sunday School is reported as full of interest

The State Sunday School Convention was held at Fort Atkinson, September 5th and 6th. The subjects discussed were "How shall we create more interest in the Sunday School Cause in the State," "The relation of the Church to the Sunday School," and "Sunday School literature and text-books." On the afternoon of the last day the Sunday School assembled in the church and addresses were made by Bros. Eastwood, Root, Craven, Fall, Lawrence and Rogers.

INDIANA.

The Sunday School cause in this State has lost one of its most efficient workers in the death of Rev. A. W. Bruce, of Lafayette. He had been in the West but a few years, but his influence was wideiy felt for good. He died while in attendance on the Association which met at a neighboring town; died as he had lived, in the midst of active work in the cause he loved.

——Vice President Colfax in a recent address to a Sunday School, said, that among the happiest recollections of his life was the time he had spent in an infant class to which he had been taken by his mother when three years old.

——A teacher in a Sunday School asked her class, "How soon could a child give its heart to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen years old"; another, "ten"; another "six." At length the last child in the class spoke, "Just as soon as we know who God is."

The Work of the Sunday School.

Scribner's Monthly lately contained some good honest talk about American Sunday Schools, which we can subscribe to with our whole heart. We take from it these two paragraphs in relation to the duties of teachers:

Nothing is more notorious than the fact that a man may carry the whole scheme of Christian truth in his mind from boyhood to old age without the slightest effect upon his character or aims. It is there, but it fructifies nothing. It has less influence than the multiplication table. A community may be—and often is—thoroughly inteligent in everything relating to the facts and claims of Christianity, and, at the same time, almost hopelessly frivolous or vicious. It follows, then, that a Sunday School which does no more than teach, fails to do that thing without which teaching is of very little account. The power of the Sunday School to make Christians of its scholars resides almost entirely in its teachers. If they are Christians indeed, and are possessed by the Christian's love of the young natures committed to their keeping and leading, they will never rest until, by all practical means they have endeavored to lead them to the adoption of that life which is the highest placed before the choice of humanity. The best minds and finest spirits of a church ought always to be in the Sunday School. The highest office of this age, or any age, is that of the Christian teacher; and the man who can look with contempt upon the office of Sunday School teacher, or regard it as detracting in any degree from his personal dignity, betrays inevitably the feebleness of his conceptions and the shallowness of his piety. How many churches are there in which there are not men and women who look upon Sunday School teaching as a nuisance and a bore? How many Sabbath Schools are there in which there are not teachers who stand week after week before their classes, refusing to receive and profess the religion whose truths they undertake to impart?

With such views as these—stated or indicated—our readers will conclude that we have not a very favorable opinion of much of the machinery used in Sunday Schools. The children are not to blame for demanding excitement and amusement, because these have been the means resorted to for bringing them into the Sunday School and keeping them there. Indeed, the impression is quite prevalent among the children of some schools that they are conferring a great favor on superintendents and teachers by their attendance. If they cannot get funny books, or premiums, or hear funny stories, or have picnics, or Christmas presents, or some visible reward, they threaten to leave the school—either to stay out entirely, or go to some other school where thay can obtain what they demand. So all sorts of means are resorted to to keep up excitement, and, in the meantime, they get no religious impression whatever. The tunes they sing amuse them, but nurse no spirit of devotion. The books they read and the stories they hear interest them, but leave no result except hunger for more excitement of the same kind. The premiums they win inspire their pride in a sort of excellence which spares little room for Christian humility. In one way and another, the opportunities of making a deep and good impression upon character and life are frittered away, and the children are no better prepared to enter upon life and the resistance of its multiplied temptations to evil than if they had never seen a Sunday School.

A Lesson for Every One.

Will those of our young readers who love sweet poetry, and who can take pleasure in reading these lines, just treasure them up in mind. They are an address to a child, by a parent; and were written by Rev. Charles Kingsley, a popular English author.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

——We commend to teachers and older pupils the new work "Life of Jesus the Christ." by Henry Ward Beecher, which will appear during this month. Many authors have written the life of our Saviour, but few have been better prepared by intimate sympathy with his life and spirit than Mr. Beecher.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LVI.

JESUS TEACHES HIS DISCIPLES AT CESAREA PHILIPPI.

"The bread of God is he which cometh from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xvi. 13–28. Mark viii. 27–37; ix. 1. Luke ix. 18–27.

Question. — To what place did Jesus go, after crossing the lake?

Answer. — Matt. xvi. 13.

Q. — What question did he ask his disciples then?

A. — Matt. xvii. 13.

Q. — What did they reply?

A. — Matt. xvi. 14.

Q. — What direct question did he ask them?

A. — Matt. xvi. 15.

Q. — What was Peter's answer?

A. — Matt. xvi. 16.

Q. — What did Jesus say to him?

A. — Matt. xvi. 17–19.

NOTE Although Peter signified a stone, it would seem that Jesus referred to the statement of Peter that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, as the rock of truth upon which he would build his Church.

The gates of ancient cities were the places in which courts were held and justice administered. They therefore came to stand for the power exercised there. And the Saviour teaches that death has not the power to contend against Christianity with success. It shall outlive death.

Q. — What did he charge his disciples not to do?

A. — Matt. xvi. 20.

NOTE. Jesus sought to be recognized as the Christ through his teachings and works. The Jews were mistaken respecting the character and mission of the Messiah, and he did not wish to be compelled to encounter the consequences of their mistake.

Q. — From this time what did Jesus begin to show his disciples?

A. — Matt. xvi. 21

Q. — What did Peter do?

A. — Matt. xvi. 22.

NOTE. In common with Jews, Peter believed the Christ was never to die, but to always be the King of the Jewish nation.

Q. — What did Jesus say to him?

A. — Matt. xvi. 23.

NOTE. The word "satan," as we have explained, meant opposer. Peter was opposing the Christ, and he ordered him to remove himself from his way, and take a place behind him.

Q. — What must a man do to be a disciple of Christ?

A. — Matt. xvi. 24.

NOTE. The disciples wished for places of rank and power in what they believed would be the Jewish Kingdom with Christ as King. Jesus teaches them to deny themselves rather than to expect personal gratification in rank and power.

Q. — What reward shall he have who seeks to save his life?

A. — Matt. xvi. 25.

Q. — What shall be the reward of him who loses his life for Christ's sake?

A. — Matt. xvi. 25.

NOTE. Those who perilled their lives, giving up all things for Christ, should receive the heavenly, the eternal life. And those who sought bodily safety and comfort rather than loyalty to truth, would lose the life of the soul — the true life of a human being. For what is the world worth to him whose better nature has withered away?

Q. — How would Christ reward men?

A. — Matt. xvi. 27.

NOTE. His glory was that of spiritual ruler over all.

Q. — When should rewarding be done?

A. — Matt. xvi. 28.

Answers.

SEPT. 39. Abagail; Bernice; Rahab; Anna; Hebron; Abednego; Midian. Abraham, Lebanon.

"If ye love me keep my commandments."

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